

Conf Pam
#780

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KENTUCKIANS, TO ARMS!!!

Kentuckians, rise !

You have lain too long in a stupor deep ;
Rise like young giants refresh'd with sleep :
Sweep, as the billows shoreward sweep,
And chase the foe to your boundaries.

Kentuckians arm !

Grasp the good rifles wherewith your sires
Quench'd with red rain the hostile fires ;
Fling back the hireling to him that hires,
Or trample him *out* like a loathesome worm.

Kentuckians, stand !

Firm as the rock when floods are high ;
Stand by your native sovereignty,
And be "State and home" your rallying cry,
Through the length and breadth of the wa-
[kening land.

Kentuckians, dare

The tyrant's rage, for your grievous wrong,
The "hour and the man" to you belong ;
Let not the foe in your midst wax strong,
The time is over to stay and spare.

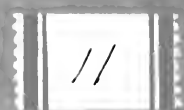
Kentuckians, strike !

If needs must be, both swift and sore ;
Scatter the Northmen from stream to shore.
Until, panic-stricken, they come no more
To see what our neutral soil is like.

But let no stain

Of brother's blood be on hand or blade—
Ev'n if his feet from the truth have stray'd :
"Hew hip and thigh" where hosts *invade*,
But draw not upon you the curse of Cain.

LOUISVILLE, KY., 1861.



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